

# ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

*Charles Alexander, Editor & Publisher*

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## Editorial Department.

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### RACE ARTICLES.

In the Munsey Magazine a series of race articles are being written dealing with various nationalities such as German-Americans, Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, etc., and telling of their share in developing and making the American nation. No mention was made in the announcement that the case of the Negro-American would be treated, notwithstanding his share has been as great, if not greater, than any of these non-English peoples. We did not come to this country simply for gain, after the riches had been discovered. We were copartners with the English in exploring this vast territory. We came at a time when the country needed pioneers and helped to conquer the land from the shiftless and indolent Red Men. The forests were cleared by our hands and the fields were in the same manner forced to yield their crop. The entire country has felt the uplifting efforts of the Negro, even if these efforts were forced in the beginning. We were among the first to strike for the independence of the thirteen colonies and we have since striven to make this nation a peer. The negro was with Jackson at New Orleans. His blood was spilled at Fort Wagner along with that of the Anglo-Saxon. Through all the strife of the Civil War he sought to preserve the unity of a government which has always oppressed him. At the call of this same country, he fell on the slope of San

Juan hill in order to relieve another oppressed people. The Negro-American's history is extricably interwoven with that of all other Americans and should there be any tendency to overlook this fact in this series of articles history will cry shame to such an act.

These nationalities now under consideration have come to America since the English and the Negro discovered the possibilities and riches of its territory. Of course the Negro's coming was involuntary and perhaps he would not have been here to this day had he been left alone, but since it has been his fate to be here, he has used all his powers to develop the resources of this great American Nation. Through all the vicissitudes of his life in America, he has never proved traitor to her cause. In the light of common justice and equity the Negro is entitled to an equal share in the government of this country along with these other peoples. But it is apparent to everyone that this right is emphatically denied him. We should like to see the author take up his pen on the subject of the Negro in America, giving an accurate and impartial account of his share in this country's development.

### SEGREGATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW JERSEY.

The question of "Jim Crowism" has again arisen in the public schools of Orange, N. J., and at this time it takes a peculiar and somewhat serious form,

especially as it concerns the advancement of the Negro. Segregation is based upon scholarship, so the superintendent claims, and upon this basis a class of about twenty or more has been separated and labeled as being deficient in school record and capacity to learn. The peculiarity of the situation is revealed in the fact that this class is composed of colored students entirely. It is very easy for colored students to be dull and indolent in their studies when prejudiced white teachers have complete control over them. It is not a hard thing to give a student a percentage of fifty or sixty when the correct percentage won by him would be ninety or one hundred. We are of the opinion that such has been the action of the teachers in this particular school. Records have not shown that where colored and white students have gone to the same school and have been taught by the same teachers, the scholarship of the colored is not just as good as that of the white students, especially if they are given fair and impartial consideration.

It is a sad condition of affairs when teachers of primary schools can exhibit such prejudice toward children whose minds and characters are in the shaping. "As a twig is bent, so the tree's inclined" is an old adage, yet the truth it teaches is not impaired by age. A bright child can be made dull, and the arbitrary action of the New Jersey teachers is a first-class method of doing this. It is customary on the part of teachers to give a slow student just a little more attention than that paid to an alert one, and we might, as a last ray of hope, suppose that these students have been separated in order that more attention may be given to their training. This, however, is very improbable. If such conditions continue to exist, it would be better for both races if the schools should be separated, in which case the colored students would have nothing to bar their progress.

#### MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, a great and grand champion of good causes has passed into the world beyond. Her

various services to humanity are left as a rich legacy.

In the days of abolitionism Miss Anthony worked for the freedom of the slaves; and before as well as after the heat of that conflict her work was for recognition of equal rights alike for men and women. Her impulse was in each instance the same; she was a democrat in the unsullied sense of the word.

In some respects she saw the work to which she devoted her life culminate in success. The chattel slave was freed and woman enfranchised as to property rights. When her career began women were regarded as no more fit to own property than to cast votes at elections. Even women themselves, some of them, were just as confident then of the incapacity of their sex for separate property rights as some women are confident now of the incapacity of their sex for voting intelligently. Doubtless these women were just as much averse to having property responsibilities and duties thrust upon their sex then as women of the same type are now averse to having political responsibilities and duties thrust upon that sex now. Yet Miss Anthony lived a whole lifetime after women had been invested fully with property rights. And she had the proud consciousness that this had been done through her work and the work of others like her.

But in another respect her work was unfinished. The thought of the injustice of denying political rights to women was with her in her dying breath. Faithfully as she had worked for that enfranchisement, she knew she could not live to see it accomplished. Yet it will be accomplished and to her name will belong, and to her memory let us hope will be paid a just tribute of praise for having so faithfully and effectively helped it on.

#### A MANLY PROTEST.

The directors of the Young Men's Christian Association of New Haven, Conn., voted to refuse colored members full membership facilities. The main objections were to colored men using the pool tables and the gymnasium. The colored men have their own build-

ing and club rooms, but wanted equal privileges in the central branch. These privileges being refused, they withdrew with the following declaration: "We cannot, as self-respecting colored men, subscribe to your policy. Out of sheer self-defence we have to put ourselves on record. It is becoming clearer every day that colored men even here in New England, have got to begin to be sensitive about their rights, indeed, they must begin to be insistent."

This is a manly protest and executed at the right time. We believe, however, that this action of the directors will result in good for the development of the colored Y. M. C. A. The men will now see the necessity of providing for their own comfort and pleasure, and will build up their branch to the level of that of the white. Of course the vote of central

Y. M. C. A. is not an act to be applauded, but is to be deplored all the more, seeing the source from which it comes. If the Christian organizations as a whole do not set the example of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," there is little hope that the friction between the races is ever to be lessened.

The article entitled "Paul Laurence Dunbar's Work" in the Springfield Republican for March 4 was written by Mr. George W. Forbes of Boston and it is one of the finest estimates of the poet's work we have yet seen.

Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard university contributed an important article to the Transcript March 24. In this article Professor Hart treated of "The Realities of Negro Suffrage."

## As to the Congo Free State

By Charles Alexander

The modern world knows about three distinct Africas—North Africa, where men of means go to find rest and health; South Africa, where many go annually searching for gold; and Central Africa, where an occasional adventurer, in pursuit of new and strange experiences, attempts to explore, in the face of many dangers, a new world. This last named country is a land of mysteries of which civilization knows but little. This weird world of black people, speaking languages and tongues that have never been written; living in huts and caves under conditions of which civilized man can have no conception,—this world of strange animals, birds, insects and vegetables,—this world is yet to be fully redeemed from heathenism to civilization, and at what cost?

In what follows we speak only as one whose humanitarian impulses yield to the cries of the distressed in all lands—and especially the sad complaints of the Negro. But we must be fair. We must hear both sides of this grave question. From our view-point

we think it perfectly clear that the Christian nations are about to get into a terrible squabble over the "Congo Free State." They have discovered sources of vast wealth in the land of the naked blacks that are calculated to sharpen their wits. The Congo Free State was founded on benevolent purposes. The desire to educate and Christianize the black inhabitants was the foundation stone of this governmental structure. King Leopold of Belgium was intrusted with the experiment of developing the resources of the country and redeeming the natives to Christianity and civilization, but it is reported that he has murdered them. Those tender-hearted and philanthropic observers of alleged Congo diabolism and unmentionable horrors, whose stories of the ghastly carnival of blood conducted by the King's representatives in the Congo fill the newspapers of the land at the present time, cannot fail to attract attention and ought not to fail to enlist the sympathy of the Negroes in the United States.



AN AVENUE AT BOMA.

The Congo Free State was established as a neutral independent sovereignty in 1884. In 1876 King Leopold II of Belgium had organized, with the co-operation of the leading African explorers and the support of several European governments, the International African Association for the promotion of African exploration and colonization. In the following year Henry M. Stanley called attention to the Congo country, and was sent there by the association, the chiefs' rights were acquired to a great area along the Congo, and posts were established. After 1879 the work was under the auspices of the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo, which developed into the International Association of the Congo. This organization sought to combine the numerous small territories acquired into one sovereign State, and

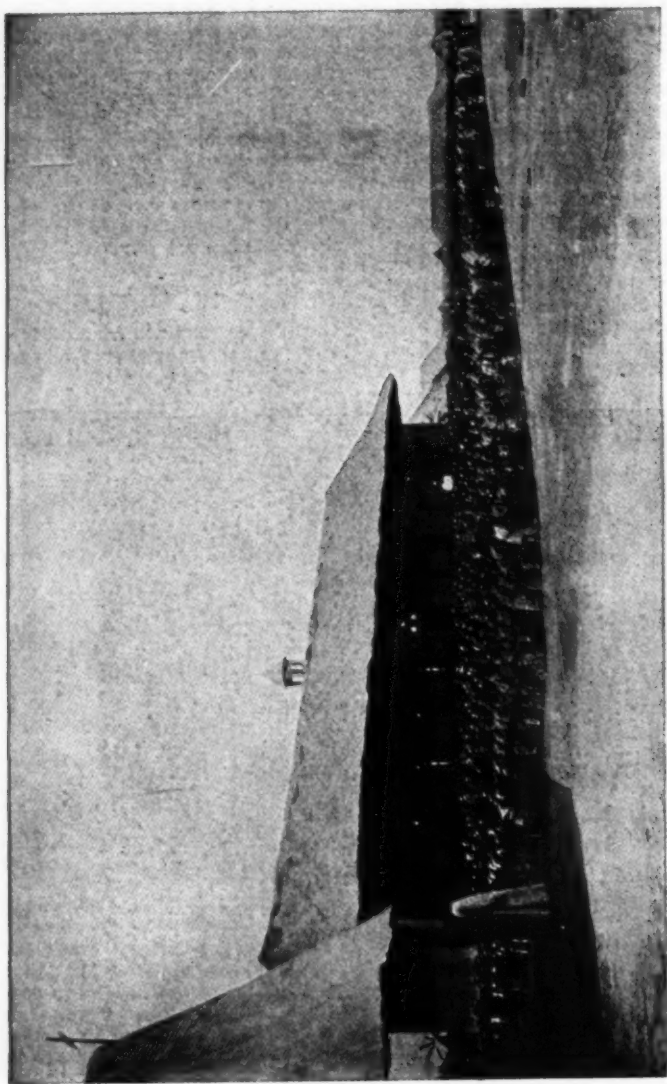
The international conference on African affairs which met at Berlin, 1884-1885, determined the status of the Congo Free State, which occupies a peculiar position among the States because of the conditions surrounding it and the auspices under which it was founded. By the act of the conference, signed February 26, 1885, the Congo Free State was declared neutral the Powers reserving for twenty years the right to decide as to the taxation of imports; the navigation of the Congo and its affluents was to be free, under the supervision of an international commission; religious freedom and equality of treatment of all settlers were guaranteed and war was declared upon the slave trade. The United States refrained from ratifying this act, on the ground that it would thereby be committed, contrary to its



A BOY MUTILATED BY SENTRIES.

asked for recognition from the civilized governments. On April 22, 1884, the United States government, having decided that the cessions by the native chiefs were lawful, recognized the International Association of the Congo as a sovereign independent State, under the title of the Congo Free State, and this example was followed by Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, England, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Russia, Spain and Sweden.

policy, to certain international engagements. The new State was placed under the personal sovereignty of Leopold II, who, by will, four years later, bequeathed it to Belgium. Soon, however, other interests had been acquired in Africa by the Powers, and they correspondingly lost interest in the Congo enterprise, which became less international and more Belgian. On July 31, 1890, the territories of the Congo Free State were declared in-



ORPHANS PRAYING AT ST. TRUDEN (KASSAI).

alienable; a convention between Belgium and the Congo Free State having already reserved to Belgium the right to annex the Congo State after ten years.

Several separate treaties with the European States having colonial pos-

session in regard to the success of the work done by Belgium on the Congo. The slave trade has been restricted, if not wholly suppressed, but the officials have not been wholly successful in dealing with savage tribes in the interior, and it is doubtful to what

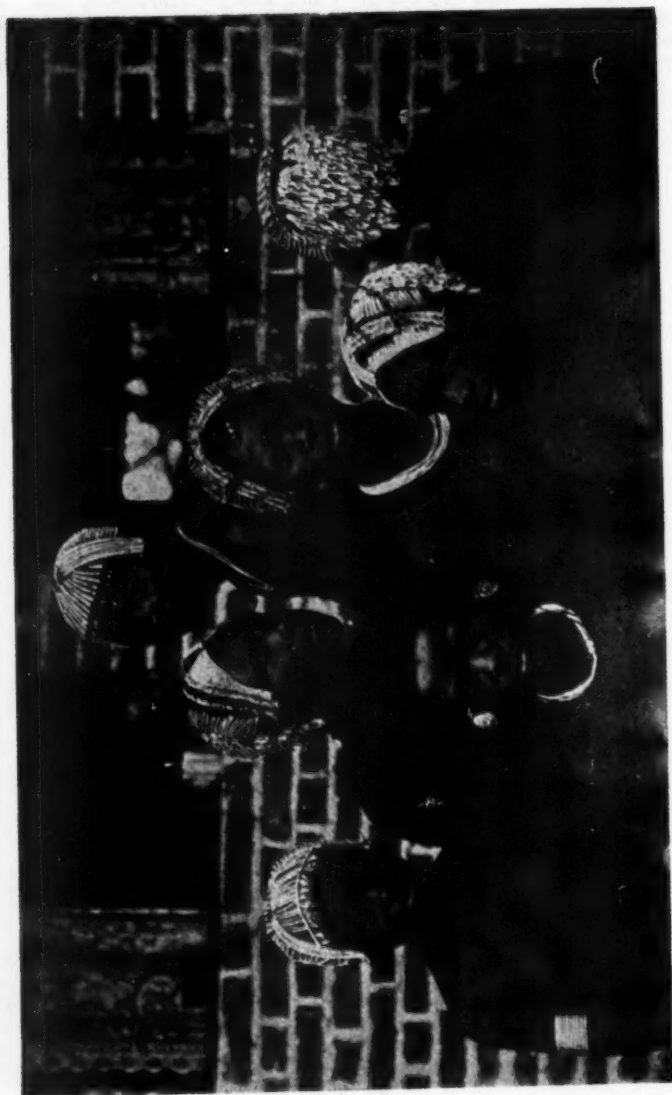
A GROUP OF NATIVES BRINGING IN RUBBER TO THE WHITE AGENTS.



sessions in Africa adjoining the Congo Free State have defined its boundaries. The Belgium Chambers have liberally supported the King in the development of the Congo, and the ultimate transfer of the sovereignty to Belgium was acquiesced in by the European powers because Belgium, like the Congo Free State itself, is under an international guarantee of neutrality. There is a difference of

extent the authority of the Government may be regarded as established. Critics assert that Leopold has regarded the Congo State more as a commercial enterprise to be exploited for profit than as a country to be redeemed for civilization.

Such, briefly, was the origin of the Independent State of the Congo. Ere long it was reported that its native inhabitants were being subjected to



AFRICAN BELLES. HAIRDRESSING OF SANGO WOMEN AT BANZVILLIE, 1894. (UBANGHI.)

the most inhuman treatment by officers bearing Leopold's Commission, and acting directly under his orders. Though vehemently denied, these charges continued to grow in volume, vehemence and explicitness. The ghost of murdered millions would

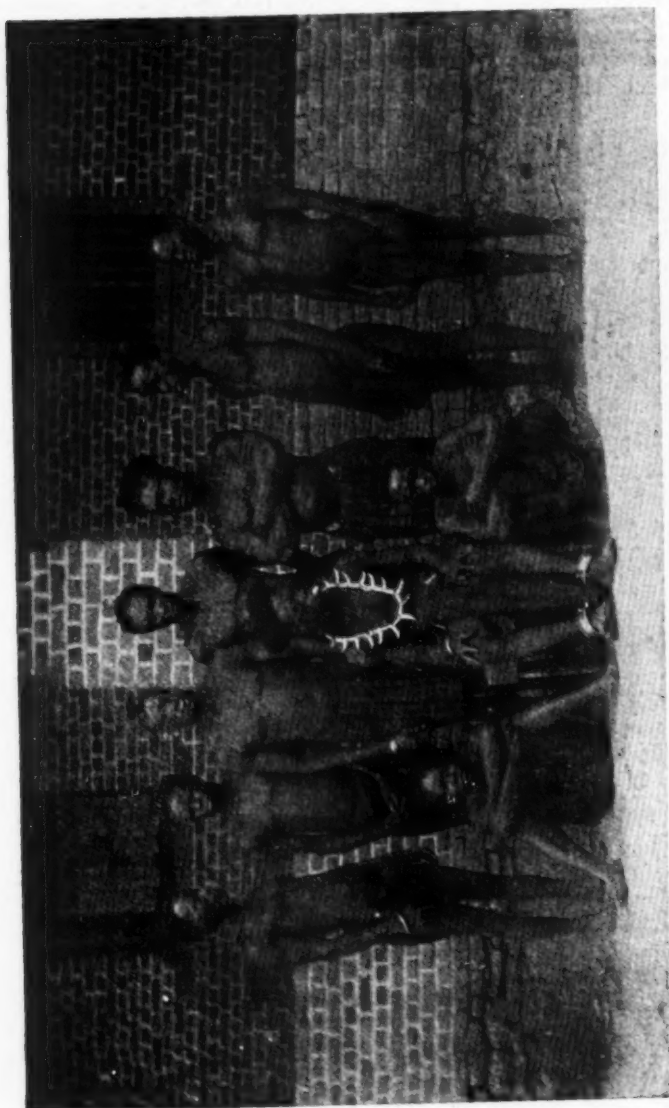
Congo, was sent into the interior on a tour of inquiry. This investigation proved that the infamies perpetrated by Leopold's administration in the Congo were far worse than had been suspected. Angry protests arose in Europe. Brave men in the Belgian



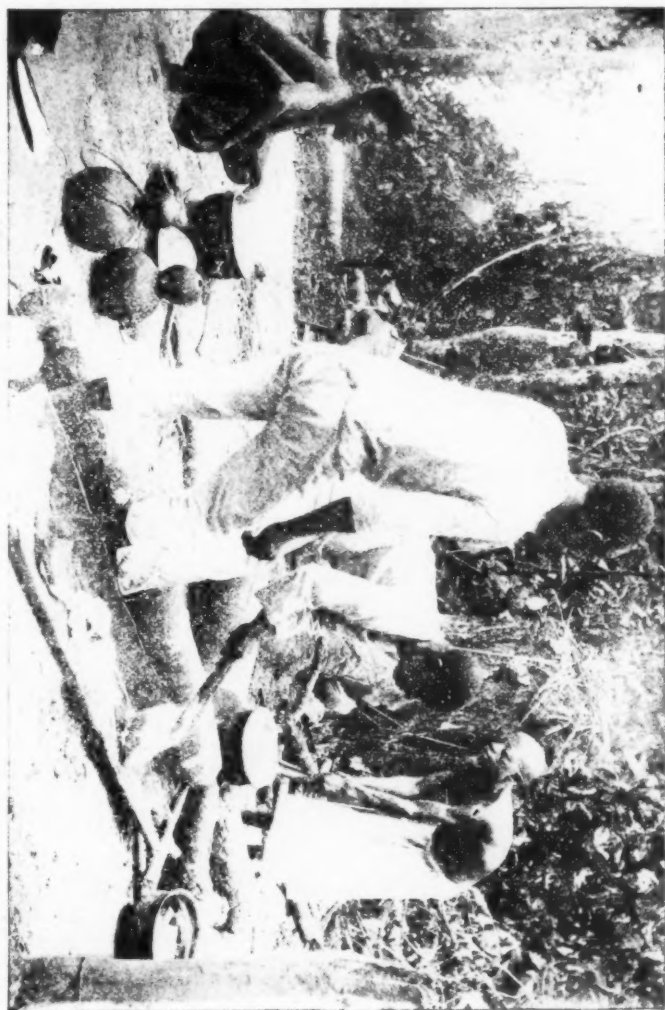
WOMAN MAIMED BY SOLDIERS OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

not down. The pressure of public sentiment forced the British government, in 1903, to make an investigation of the situation. Mr. Roger Casement, the British Consul in the Lower

Parliament denounced the Congo government as "an enormous and continual butchery." Leopold and his friends still cynically denied the truth of the charges, and denounced the



TYPES OF LOKELES, JAFUNGAS (ORIENTAL PROVINCE.)



MELTING LATEX OF RUBBER IN FOREST OF LUSAMBO (LUSAMBO-KASSAI)

witnesses as falsifiers and defamers. Meanwhile millions on the Congo were suffering incredible hardship. A new and far more dreadful slavery had replaced the old. In order to secure relief for these defenceless and voiceless millions, Congo Reform Associations were formed, one in England, in 1903, and another in America, in 1904. These Associations count among their directors many men of International influence in church and state.

In 1884, under the whip of public opinion, Leopold sent an investigating committee to the Congo. The report of this Commission of Inquiry was made public in November, 1905. It concedes the existence of most atrocious conditions, and demonstrates anew the urgent necessity of prompt remedial action. In Italy, France, Germany and Belgium many authoritative voices are demanding a complete change of policy in the administration of the Congo State.

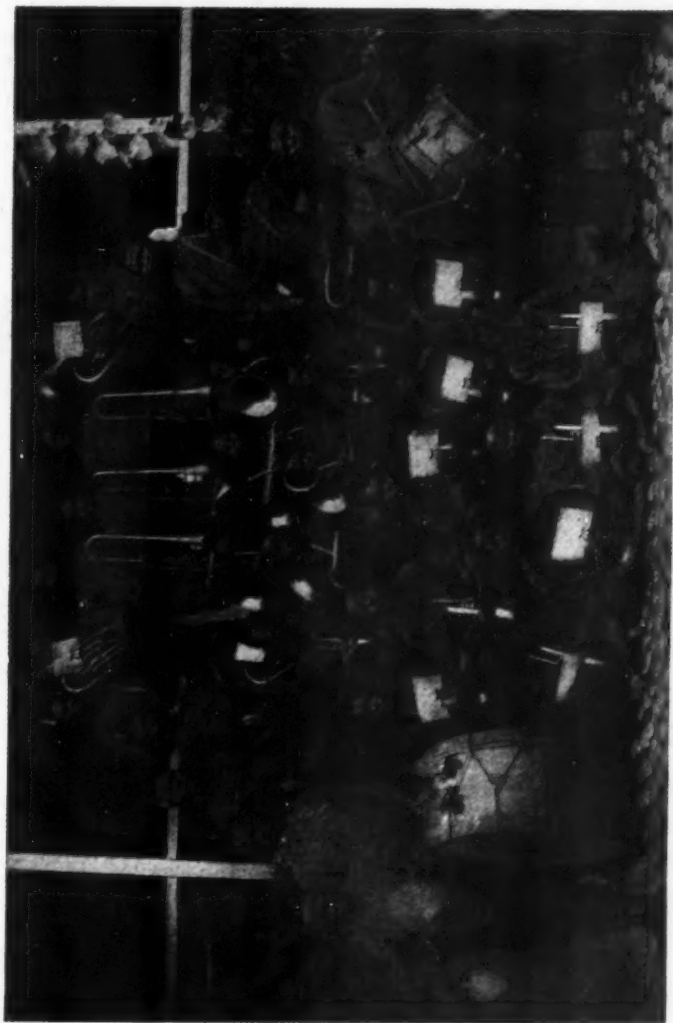
If all that we read concerning King Leopold's misgovernment in the Congo is true, he is a heartless, selfish barbarian who is sadly in need of the very influences of civilization and Christianity that are needed by the native Africans for their redemption. The facts before us are appalling. The crimes committed by the king's agents are unspeakable. Men are mutilated, women are outraged and tortured, children are killed in the most horrible manner, and cannibalism is enforced by the officers. The natives are compelled to commit many inhuman atrocities upon their kind by Leopold's representatives. There is a reason!

It is now known to white men that the agricultural possibilities of the Congo are marvelous; that a cultivation of coffee, cotton, yam, papaw, pineapple, cassava, corn, rice, peanut, sweet potato, banana, bean, tobacco, and sorghum can be developed into very profitable industries, and that the elephant, hippopotamus, buffalo, antelope, chimpanzee and crocodile may be depended upon to furnish the means of abundant wealth to the enterprising men who will face the dangers involved in the development of these industries. The most important source at the present time

furnished by the Congo is the rubber tree. The realization has dawned upon the European people that there are millions in rubber and the thrifty of these countries propose to get all there is in it. While there is no European manufacturing plant in the Free State at the present time, yet the commerce of the country has grown enormously since 1896. With remarkable skill, the more intelligent natives work in wood, ivory and metals. Their clever handicraft, considering the want of inventive genius, has been the admiration of travellers and explorers in every section of the Free State. The anomalousness of the expression "Free State" will be clearly seen in the course of the articles which are to follow.

A striking picture appears in "King Leopold's Soliloquy" by Mark Twain, of a camera suspended in the air over the king and under the picture appear the words "The only witness I couldn't bribe." Pictures play an important part in the education of mankind and especially are photographs valuable—they do not tell falsehoods—they cannot be bribed. The pictures we exhibit in this connection are taken from photographs—they are the tangible indictments against the king's misrule and slaughter of the poor, ignorant natives of the Congo Free State.

But there is much to be said in defense of the king's administration of the Congo country. Hon. Henry Wallington Wack, a distinguished member of the New York bar, in a magnificent book, entitled "The Story of the Congo," just brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York city, says in his preface: "At a period of such bitter controversy concerning the government of the Congo Free State as the present, it is necessary that I should explain the circumstances under which I add this volume to the literature of that subject. During a residence of several years in the United Kingdom, I could not fail to observe the growth there of an organized campaign against the Congo Free State. That a small section of the British public, interested in the rubber trade, should by subtle means



BAND OF GOVERNMENT TECHNICAL SCHOOL, BOMA.

witnesses as falsifiers and defamers. Meanwhile millions on the Congo were suffering incredible hardship. A new and far more dreadful slavery had replaced the old. In order to secure relief for these defenceless and voiceless millions, Congo Reform Associations were formed, one in England, in 1903, and another in America, in 1904. These Associations count among their directors many men of international influence in church and state.

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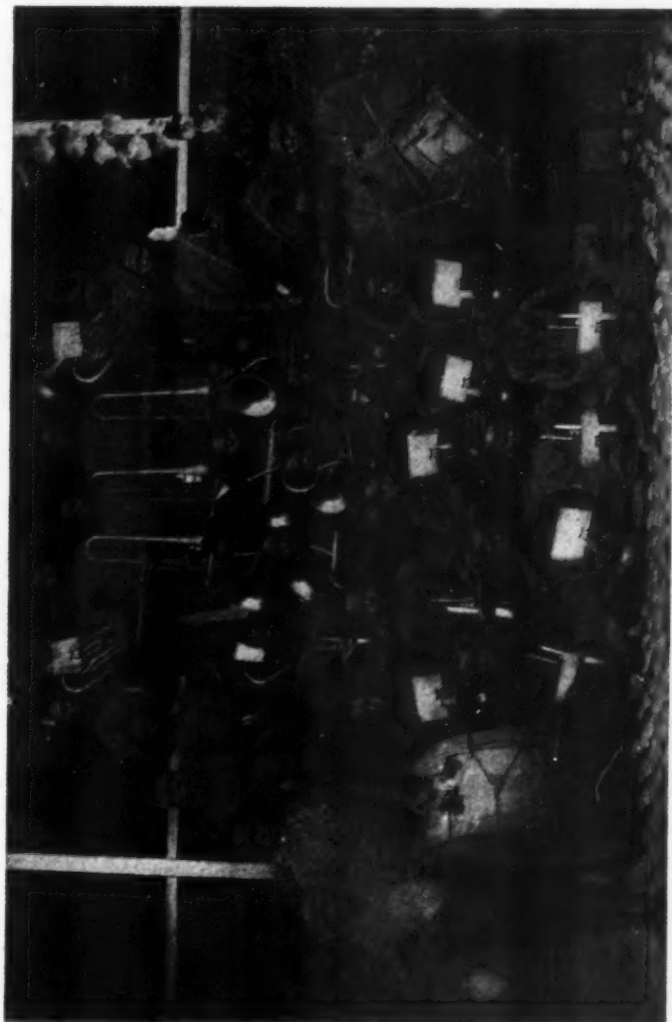
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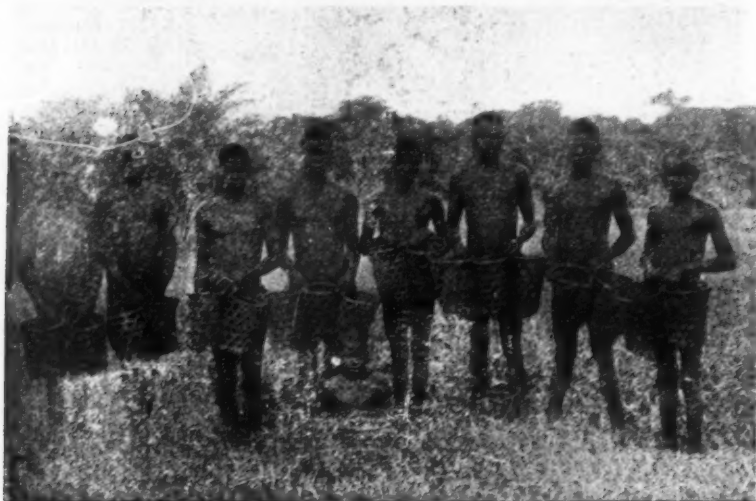


BAND OF GOVERNMENT TECHNICAL SCHOOL, BOMA.

seek to delude or should even succeed in deluding, the great British nation so completely as to obtain general credence of its stories of cruelty and oppression alleged against King Leopold's government, failed to move me. It was not my concern, while enjoying the hospitality of England, to criticise the way in which her religious organizations were being used to further the selfish aims of a small clique of Liverpool merchants.

Howling of people with astigmatic eyes whose gaze is splenetic. He has gathered an abundance of testimonial to show that the king's efforts in the Congo have been helpful to the natives.

Just at this time when the reports of inhuman atrocities and ghastly horrors committed by officials in the Congo Free State are attracting the attention of the public of every nation, a book of the character which Mr.

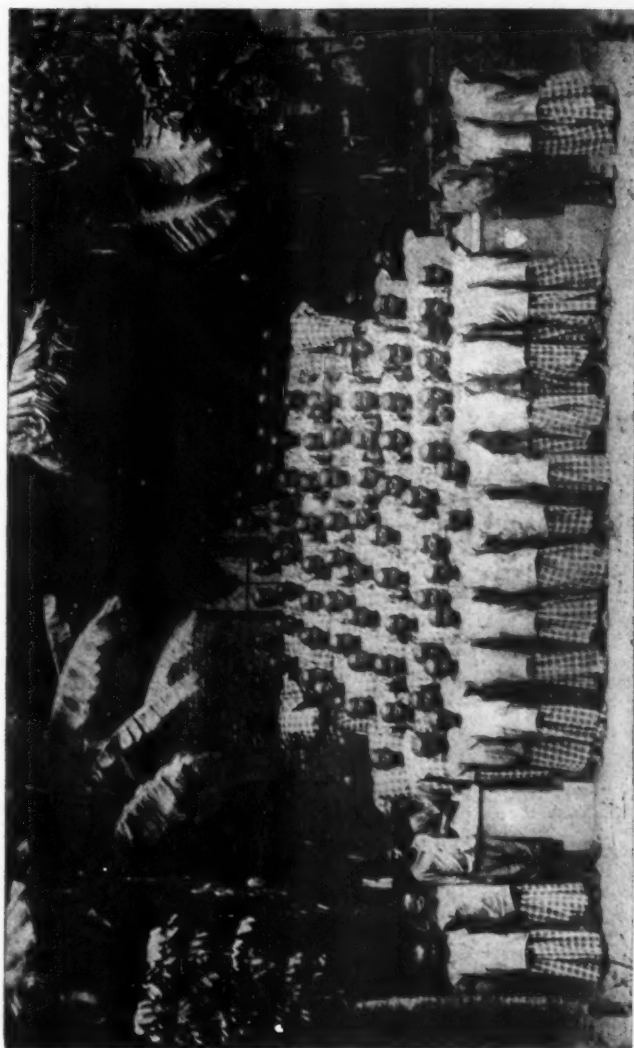


A GROUP OF RUBBER WORKERS GOING INTO THE FORESTS TO COLLECT THEIR RUBBER.

But when, within the past year, I perceived that the campaign of calumny against the Congo Free State was being extended to the United States, I could not longer regard the phenomenon with a merely passive interest. It occurred to me that my knowledge of Mid-African affairs might enable me to place before the American people a complete statement of the actual facts of the Congo Free State, and that my self-imposed task could not fail to be of value at a time when interested partisans were endeavoring to deceive them."

Mr. Wack characterizes the criticism sent out in such great volumes all over the country as mere cater-

Wack has just issued is of great importance. It is important because we are entitled to the fullest information from the most reliable sources concerning the true conditions of the people in this remarkable government. It appears from the context of this volume, that a benevolent purpose gave rise to the Congo Free State, that King Leopold has really sought to increase the good influence of civilization in Central Africa. The author of the volume has spent a number of years in the Congo and has proven himself a diligent student of political as well as social affairs in Africa. His words, therefore, have authority, for his testimony is that of an expert and is



MIS SION CHILDREN AT NEW ANTWERP.



NATIVES WORKING SEWING MACHINES AT KISANTU.

worthy of the most profound consideration.

From the time when King Leopold in 1876 invited representatives of leading geographical societies representing the powers of Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Italy and Russia to a conference at Brussels for united action in systematic exploration and the suppression of the slave trade, to the opening of the present century, there has never been, according to Mr. Wack's narrative, a speedier transformation brought about by the influence of civilization than that exerted by the Belgian government on the Congo. That this has been displayed because of that ever watchful jealousy of European nations towards one another when beaten in the exploration of unknown lands and the establishment of markets, is very plainly analyzed by Mr. Wack in the attitude of certain commercial nations, especially Great Britain, and by the crusade started in America to elicit our sympathies for the supposedly atrocious treatment of the Congo natives. It is true that King Leopold has made his benevolent interest in the Congo a profitable transaction, but he has made it no less so for the natives, who, through their acquirements of European methods in industry, have been able to develop the rich resources of their land and maintain a community that is approaching in value to the British possessions in Africa. "The death rate of white settlers has been largely reduced, and the climate is no longer feared. In and far around the government stations life and property are fully secure. Agriculture is considerably developed, and coffee, cocoa, tea, cinnamon, pepper, ginger, nutmegs, cloves, vanilla, etc., are systematically cultivated. The breeding of cattle, horses and donkeys is well established, and the natives are taught and assisted by the government in promoting practical agriculture." "Ample statistics are given of the development of commerce. In 1887 the total exports amounted to only 1,980,441 francs, while in 1903 the amount was 54,597,835 francs. Of this over 47,000,000 francs was rubber; the other leading products in order of value were ivory, palm-nuts, palm-oil, coffee and cocoa. The total imports in 1903 were

20,896,331 francs, of which three-quarters were from Belgium. The revenue of the state for 1903, amounted to 28,900,000 francs. Of this amount about 16,500,000 francs was from the state lands, while direct personal taxation was only 600,000 francs. Import duties were 1,600,000 francs and export duties were 4,450,000 francs. The revenue of the state for 1903 was a little over 26,000,000 francs.

"Christian missions are extensively established, the government protecting all creeds and sects alike, the original constitution providing that the powers, without distinction of creed or nation, protect and favor all religious, scientific or charitable institutions and undertakings created and organized for the above ends, or which aim at instructing the natives, and bringing home to them the message of civilization. Christian missionaries, scientists and explorers, with their followers, property and collections shall likewise be the object of special protection."

This is one of the most illuminating books ever written on any section of Africa. And we are glad to note that it deals with one of the most of progress chapters in the history of that mysterious and much maligned continent. It proves conclusively the vast and wonderful possibilities of Africa under a benevolent influence.

Many of the illustrations exhibited in this article were furnished Alexander's Magazine by Mr. Henry Wellington Wack. Those showing mutilations and cruel treatment were furnished by the Congo Reform Association. The editor extends gratitude to each for courtesies.

An eminent naturalist, M. J. H. Fabre, recently studying the habits of the *Lycosa narbonensis*, noticed that the spider carries its little ones upon its back during seven months, and that during this time the young spiders consume absolutely no food. He concluded from this observation that it is the solar heat and light that for them directly takes the place of nourishment. In other words, "the motor heat in these young animals, instead of being released from the food, might be utilized directly as the sun, source of all life, radiates it."



MEDAL, 1904.

Presented to M. W. Brother Frederic S. Monroe, upon his election as Grand Master of the M. W. Prince Hall Grand Lodge F. & A. M. of Massachusetts, by M. W. Brother Carl Wiebe, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge F. & A. M. of Hamburg, Germany.

This Medal is figured and described in Vol. VII. of "Freimaurerische Denkmünzen und Medaillen."

## Masonic Literature

By Walter J. Stevens

Masonry, because of its language, is distinctly literary. The great ingenuity displayed in masonic writings, is not fully comprehended by even the most ardent devotee of the craft. The one great object of the many books on Masonry, is not so much that these writings shall be thoroughly understood, as that they may be effective in inspiring emotion. Masonic literature is not as some persons suppose, suited only to the initiated, but it has a distinct literary merit based upon something still higher than literal fact, which can and should be enjoyed by all who read. It has a consciousness based upon metaphysical reasoning, which can be quite understood by the lay mind who enjoy the Bible, they being analogous in the language used.

Mistakes have been made by an uninformed public in their belief that Masonry is secretive to the extent that it should be classed as a "mysterious something," and that its literature is confined to the "pocket manual" of a "brother" of the order. Even its teachings are misapplied and in most cases misunderstood. People supposedly well read, ignore Masonic publications; and yet in every public library, Masonic literature may be found.

If for no other reason, its language so characteristic of feeling, so inspiring and poetic, should cause us to find enjoyment in such a work.

Masonry is not mythical, but real. Its emotional letters are real. We accept this as a fact, just as we believe that God is real.

To the reader or student of such literature, the benefit of doubt as to the reality of things found in such publications, should certainly not rest with the reader. It is a literary law, that we should believe that all things are a law of their own being, and that such being is established when we tend to fulfil it.

We therefore give to certain things the name of Masonry. These things

portray a belief in united effort. Principles are exemplified under the caption, Masonry. Things are done and deeds are realized in accord with these principles. By such a method of reasoning we can establish the existence of such a work. The reading of Masonic literature can at least convey to the public the fact, that all men profit by a union with each other. It teaches moral regeneration, and condemns superstition, egotism and profanation. It teaches loyalty to God, to country and to your fellow man.

Why not then make it our business to learn what we can of this wonderful study; wonderful, did I say? Yes. I repeat it is wonderful to read publications which have no verifiable basis, which have no authority for their existence, but which can assume a standing equally as rational and as acceptable as the Book of God. So that ordinary minds with little or no aptitude of judging Masonry, as an institution, may still derive some benefit from Masonic letters, such as a desire to understand the relation between practical Masonry and mankind.

In France, in 1834, publications giving even the initiatory degrees were circulated and read by many people. It is questionable as to how authentic these publications may have been, in their attempt to reproduce "real Masonry" and in other countries including America, we may find today publications of so-called exposed Masonry. These books have given an impetus to men to form themselves into clandestine bodies, but the true literary distinctiveness of the order is to be found only in legitimate publications, which are easily obtained.

The literature of Masonry dates back to about the year 1790 or nearly a century after the first lodge in this country was warranted by the grand lodge of England. This fact we obtain from Proctor's Massachusetts

grand lodge report, published in 1883. Fresh discoveries may be made by the student of antiquities, of an earlier date than this, but the writer is satisfied that where there is no finality in a subject this date may as well be regarded as the correct one.

The eminency and value of the first few books of ideal Masonry, were immediately seen and appreciated, and since this time there are many volumes alive with keen interest at our disposal. Imagine a man with the sense for painting, not cultivating it by the help of Sargent's masterpieces, or the man with the sense for poetry not cultivating it by the reading of Dunbar, as a man with the sense for research ignoring the worth of Masonic literature.

Thomas Carlyle has included in his works an essay on "Count Cagliostro," on Peter Balsamo as he was most commonly called, in which he shows the danger to an emotional public, of accepting the writings of such adventurers as being the true standard by which we should judge literary Masonry. Among the most recent Masonic publications is a volume entitled *Negro Masonry* by Judge Upton of Washington, D. C. The book contains a portrait of John J. Smith of Boston and mention is made of other eminent negroes who have contributed to Masonry. This volume was published in 1891 with the purpose of more fully establishing the fact, that the Prince Hall grand lodge of negro Masons is not clandestine.

Publications like Upton's, are not filled with play acting logic, but represent the highest type of sincerity, dealing with a serious and grave problem.

Strange results accrue from the reading of literature, which at first glance, is classed as being purely tentative. Yet why should we wish to tarry over a book where one's imagination is not called into activity?

We cannot and must not deny that the works of Shakespeare, while of doubtful value in conveying perennial thought, are still a massive instrument in the hands of the thinker.

Books are to some persons, burdens that make the heart sore, while to others a source of contentment is

found in every word and line. The true freedom of mankind is found in Masonic literature, for here he is forced to read in only one path; which may be termed a righteous path. Those stupid persons who enjoy such readings as have the most quotations, and who can plagiarize quite handily many authors, may find contentment in the fact that literary Masonry accuses no man of theft.

It invites rather than condemns such stealing. Like the Bible it stands as a good book for man to read. Its style invites familiarity and quotation. It wishes to occupy a similar position to the motto, "God bless our Home." It causes us to forget that we are madmen running at large in a mad world. It will not allow us to be passive, and it has a just intolerance of stupidity.

Deep in the minds of men, there is a desire to brook over our inability to succeed; still deeper there exists an egotistical self; and still deeper we find in the average man a baseness held in check by the laws of civil society. The democracy of literary Masonry teaches the remedy of these things, as well as why they should meet a speedy death.

To discover no things that I have mentioned after reading such books is not to have discovered a God. The fashionable count as well as the dirt begrimed peasant may be taught supernal things by this literature. Surely enough, this should prove a best publication for men to read, and they should not be hindered by false motives from reading it.

Something more is required of us than the mere giving of our time to labor; something more is required than the mere giving of our time to politics. We need the study of life philosophy and life penalty. We need to study the laws of earth, rather than the laws of heaven. We need to be brought to earth by things above us, and not soar heavenward by things beneath us. No literature is so little known and so little read as Masonry, and yet Masonic literature shows the path to most men, leaving only one other book, the Bible, to show the path to all men.

## A Letter to the Editor

By Owen W. Tea

To the Editor of Alexander's Magazine:

A short time ago General J. Warren Kelper of Ohio introduced in the House of Representatives a bill providing for the reduction of Southern representation, giving as his reason for so doing "the action of the Southern states in disfranchising the Negro."

The preamble to this bill is as follows:

"Whereas the Constitution of the United States, Article 14, Section 2, requires that when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State or the members of the Legislature thereof is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State; and whereas existing law (Section 22, R. S. U. S.), enacted in pursuance of said Section 2, requires its enforcement by Congress as empowered by such article; and whereas the Congress is satisfied that the right of certain male inhabitants of States hereinafter named, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, at elections therein for some or all of said officers has been and now is denied, or in some way abridged in each of said States, and that the representation in the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States in each of such States so denying or abridging such right to vote should be reduced as the fourteenth article of the Constitution and the law require, to the end that a republican form of government may be guaranteed therein, based on equal political power among the States of the United States and the

congressional districts thereof and in the Electoral College."

The states aimed at in General Kelper's bill are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia.

Two belated admissions are made in the preamble—(1) The admission that there has been and is disfranchisement in the above named States. (2) That Congress is satisfied of the correctness of the admission. Assuming that Congress is made up of men of average intelligence it is indeed time that it should be "satisfied" that there has been and is disfranchisement in the Southern States, for such has been the case for thirty years. The mischief was begun in 1876, when the Negro was denied the right of suffrage by fraud and intimidation, but within the last ten years six Southern states have been brazen enough to disfranchise their Negro citizens by making and enforcing ingenious laws which are constructed to mean one thing when applied to white men and to mean another when applied to black men. Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia have embodied into their Suffrage laws "character qualification," "employment qualification," "understanding" and "grandfather" clauses for no other purpose than to perpetuate the civil and political inequality of the Negro. By denying the Negro any part in the making or execution of laws, by excluding him from the Jury and by subjecting him to injustices and inequalities which a voteless citizen is too apt to receive, the Southern demagogue has the Negro as completely in his power as though he were gagged and bound, hands and feet. In view of these conditions, in my opinion, it would be a compounding of felony for Congress to reduce Southern representation as provided for in this bill, for the reason that such a reduction would be a tacit admission that the South has a right to dis-

franchise the Negro because he is a Negro. This conceded and the Fifteenth Amendment is nullified. This done and the South would be for the Negro what Robert Louis Stevenson said of the leper colony in the Hawaiian Islands—"A pitiful place to visit and a hell to live in."

I predicate that such results would follow a reduction of Southern representation from my knowledge of the temper of the South. Those who think that the Southern states, rather than have their representation in Congress reduced, say from 93 to 61 members, would restore to the Negro the right of suffrage are seriously in error. In the first place, Southern statesmen are always on the lookout for an opportunity to pose as martyrs. What could bring to them so great an occasion to show their martyr spirit as the command to give up their seats in Congress, their \$5,000 salaries and return to their homes—and to oblivion? Playing the role of a martyr would be much more agreeable to them than the acknowledgment of a wrong—a moral lapse unknown to the average Southerner, where the Negro is concerned. This does not mean that the Southern whites in toto are insensible to the wrongs which are heaped upon the Negro. Far from it. Some of them are as broad gauged and liberal-minded as can be found anywhere, but they are in a hopeless minority. In the second place, the Southern white man, with his present intellectual and ethical outlook, is incapable of giving the Negro a "square deal." The inferiority of the Negro is the postulate of all of his thinking, and he cannot understand how this inferior can be granted equal political rights without granting him also the hand of a white woman in marriage. "How would you like to have a 'nigger' marry your daughter?" is the question fired at him who is bold enough to advocate political equality for the Negro. But the Fourteenth Amendment commands the South to choose between granting the Negro political equality and a reduction of its representation in Congress! I believe that the South would prefer the latter. In the third place, the South is becoming

restive under what many are pleased to term the "white man's burden." Seeing its inability to deal with the Negro on the broad principles of law morals and equity, the South stands ready to shift this "burden" to other shoulders. What a delightful opportunity to shift this "burden" if Congress were to step in and say "You have been and are robbing the Negro of his right to vote. Restore his vote to him or we will punish you by reducing your representation." To this the South would answer, "We have done the best we could for the Negro. We cannot do more. If you wish to punish us for doing our best we will accept the penalty which you inflict and turn over to you the thankless task of bearing this 'burden.'"

This last estate of the Negro would be worse than the first, for the reason that the whites of the South that are now inclined to be friendly to him would become indifferent, while those that now look upon him with disfavor would, in all probability, set into motion their machinery of relentless persecution.

I do not believe that the most bitter northern partisans would run the risk of bringing about such dire results, even for the gain of a relatively larger majority in congress. It is clear, however, that something must be done if this would ever be a "government of the people, for the people and by the people." Unquestionably the constitution vests this power in congress, and if congress is brave enough it will right the existing wrongs by attacking the evil where it should be attacked. The violation of the provisions of the fifteenth amendment is the Pandora box from which have sprung forth the political serpents that bite and sting the negro. This amendment declares:

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The fifteenth amendment is plain, direct and unequivocal, and all laws

of states that conflict therewith are unconstitutional and should be so declared. Instead of seeking to reduce southern representation as a penalty for disfranchising the negro in violation of the fifteenth amendment, congress, it seems to me, should say to every man who comes from a congressional district wherein a citizen has been denied the right of suffrage because of his race or color: "We are the sole judges of the elections, returns and qualifications of our members. We are satisfied that the right of certain male inhabitants of your district, being 21 years of age and citizens of the United States, at elec-

tions therein for some or all of said officers, has been and now is denied, or in some way abridged," in violation of the fifteenth amendment. We therefore set your election aside and shall order a new election.

This, it seems to me, is an effective way to deal with the existing situation. It may sound radical, but it is not one whit more so than the constitution of the United States enjoins. Here is a great opportunity for congress to right a wrong which threatens the perpetuity of our republican form of government. Will it do it? The stars may know; I do not.

OWEN W. TEA.

## Hon. Judson W. Lyons--A Record

By Edward H. Lawson

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, whose signature upon our paper currency since April 6, 1898, has been the necessary thing to make it valid, and who has occupied the office of register of the treasury at Washington, D. C., since that time, will soon, to all appearances, re-enter private life. Mr. Lyons was a prominent Georgia lawyer and politician before he entered upon the duties of his office, having come up in the school and under the affectionate eye of the late Colonel William A. Pledger. Since 1896, he has also been the lone representative of his race on the Republican national committee. The record he has made in both of these positions of importance and trust is one that might be envied by any man, white or colored, under the government service. It is a record to which the whole race may point with pride, and one which it will be eminently difficult for his successor to live up to.

Mr. Lyons entered upon the discharge of his duties as register of the treasury when the country was trembling from Washington to San Francisco with the excitement of a prospective war with Spain. Three months thereafter, one of the largest bond issues which the United States ever entered upon was made on an

exceptionally difficult basis. It was a popular loan taken by the people at face value, for which reason it had to be sent to many thousands of addresses. Bond issues, as a rule, are subscribed for by syndicates of corporations, and generally, in the initial issue of the loans, only a few names have to be used. But the object of the Spanish-American war loan was to give everybody a chance, and at the same time furnish a demonstration of popularity for it. While the amount was only about \$200,000,000, bonds were issued by the government to nearly one million persons. The work was done with great regularity and dispatch, and was carried through without the loss of a single penny to any one. Despite the fact that the force of Mr. Lyons' office was very largely white men and women, every order given by him was cheerfully complied with, and faithfully carried out. This bond issue has been well declared by eminent financiers to be the greatest thing of the kind ever done by the United States treasury department. For this work Mr. Lyons received the commendation of the bankers throughout the United States, and especially those operating in Wall street.

On sometimes misunderstood grounds, Mr. Lyons is the most prominent opponent of the idea of reduction of southern representation in national conventions. This project was set forth at a meeting of the national committee in Washington in 1899, and ended in the Republican national convention in 1900. The representation in conversations, of course, is based upon congressional representation, and it was the contention of Mr. Lyons that he, his well-wishers and supporters could not be cut out of their representation in the convention so long as the congressional representation stood. Our readers will remember that it was a great fight and excited an immense amount of interest at the time, especially in political circles at Washington and at Philadelphia. On these grounds the plank for the reduction of southern representation was defeated under the gallant leadership of Mr. Lyons.

If not the most picturesque, certainly the most persistent of Mr. Lyons' political battles is that which for the last eight or ten years he has been waging against the propaganda of the "Lily Whites." The last time they measured arms was in the city of Chicago in 1904. As the only colored man on the Republican national committee, it was necessary for Mr. Lyons to take a conspicuous and active part in heading off their infamous propaganda. The "Lily Whites" had been threatening steadily since the beginning of the present administration in 1901. Meanwhile Mr. Lyons had not failed to keep a wary eye upon their advance, and when the final giant struggle came before the national committee in Chicago, his knowledge of their weak points enabled him to deal a stunning blow, from which lily-whitism has not as yet recovered. This struggle took place completely before the national committee. The committee on credentials, at the time, however, modified the report of the national committee so as to admit the defeated southerners on half vote.

Mr. Lyons is nearly six feet four in height; of an Indian brown complexion,

erect of stature and broad-shouldered, pleasing in address and commanding in personality. He has in his make-up that *bon hommie* which men call personal magnetism, but which is denominated in official life at Washington as tact, without which no official can succeed. The treasury is the largest executive department of the government, having under it many bureaus and manifold varieties of work, and it is difficult for all branches to get along without friction. But during the eight years Mr. Lyons has been in office there has at no time been any friction between him and the officers superior to him or below him. He has at all times exercised what is known as common sense, strict integrity and political sagacity.

Should Mr. Lyons decide to return to his native Augusta, Ga., it will be a sad "Vale!" that will be wailed from colored Washington's "Few hundred." While we are sure that a "crowning with laurel crowns" would not amply reward the valuable service Mr. Lyons has done the race by his example of integrity and high character, we feel that his reward will be more lasting. For will not we, who have the good fortune to know him, constantly resurrect his memory as an inspiration to the colored youth of future ages? Fond reader, will you pledge me one to Judson W. Lyons?

E. H. L.

#### Extenuating Circumstances.

"Oh, yes!" grimly commented Capt. Kidd. "Many wicked things I did, as I sailed. I incited a popular song, for one thing. I also murdered William Moore (if I recall the gentleman's name correctly), and left him in his gore, full many a mile from shore, as I sailed, and all that. But I was at least measurably square and above-board about it; I did my sailing under the straight-out piratical skull-and-crossbones flag, instead of the hypocritical cloak of Senatorial courtesy, and I grafted only wealthy individuals and not the whole blamed country that supported me, as sailed!"

—Puck.

## Susan B. Anthony

By Julia Ward Howe

Full of years and of deserved honors, Susan B. Anthony has passed from among us. Her presence, that of one of long experience and leadership, will be much missed among the suffrage workers. They must remember that while champions die, a true cause does not perish, but enlists generation after generation in its advocacy.

Miss Anthony was of New England race and birth, although for the greater part of her life a resident of the Empire State. She was a teacher by



*Respectfully done  
Susan B. Anthony*

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

profession, but scarcely felt this to be her true vocation. It is good to remember that Lucretia Mott had much to do with her first interest in woman suffrage. Thus the world's great debt to Quakerism makes itself felt in unexpected ways. At an early per-

iod in the entertainment of this question, Miss Anthony devoted to it her new-found powers of argument and expression.

Her labors in the state of New York had the important result of modifying the laws relating to the earnings of married women, which thenceforth became their own. With her lifelong friend, Mrs. Stanton, she made various pilgrimages to distant parts of the country, having everywhere for her theme the political enfranchisement of women. The death of her friend and fellow-laborer did not diminish her activity. It is not very long since she wrote urging me to join a suffrage campaign in South Dakota. We were both of us well stricken in years, but I felt unequal to the effort, which I am pretty sure that she herself made.

The last years of her life were not the least laborious ones. In her frequent journeyings and addresses she seems to have taken small account of the growing infirmity of her fourscore years.

Having taken part in the splendid suffrage convention at Baltimore, having sat at a birthday banquet with loving friends and followers, it was granted to her to breathe her last at her own home in the city of her many years' residence, her last hours soothed by the attentions of affectionate relatives and of a much beloved friend, a fit ending to a life of labor and sacrifice.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

### INSPIRATION.

A little girl with eyes of brown and hair of raven hue  
Looked straight at me an Easter morn  
just opposite my pew.  
A heavenly smile at random ran  
around her dimpled cheek,  
It caused my soul to rise anew, divin-  
er bliss to seek.

W. C. M.

## Mr. J. Thomas Newsome

By P. A. Scott, M. D.

The subject of this sketch is a young brilliant lawyer, who is making a far famed reputation in his chosen profession and showing to the world that the negro lawyer can become proficient in all of its branches and yet have the highest respect of the court and practitioners of the opposite race.

He began life about the same as hundreds of negroes who have gained prominence; penury and almost insurmountable obstacles stood in his pathway. He first saw the dawn of day in Sussex county, Va., June 2, 1872, on the same plantation where his parents were held as slaves and within the shadow of their owners' home.

It was there he thrived and received his first inspiration to be and to do something out of the ordinary, with credit not only for himself but for his race. With this aim in view and pushed forward by a devoted mother and father who sent daily prayers to God for his well being and success, he began his studies in the country school nearby and divided his time working on the farm.

His persistence attracted the attention of Mr. R. L. Watson, his father's former master, who thereafter gave him all the warmth of encouragement in his efforts that a southern gentleman can give a part of his household.

In 1890 Mr. Newsome entered Virginia Normal and Collegiate institute at Petersburg, where by dint of hard labor and self denial, he graduated in May, 1894, receiving great praise and rare comment for his excellent address on that occasion from both white and black press of that city. After leaving Petersburg, Mr. Newsome taught school at his old home, becoming a favorite among his people there. Having accumulated funds and gotten material assistance through his benefactor, Mr. Watson, sufficient to begin his new undertaking, the study of law, he entered Howard University Law school in 1897,

graduating in '99 as valedictorian of his class, which honor he declined.

He appeared before the supreme court of the District of Columbia the following month and passed a creditable examination in a very large class of applicants composed of 56 whites and eight colored.

Thirty-four whites and seven colored failed, he having the distinction of being the only colored man to pass at that examination.

His first case was that of a man charged with housebreaking in Alexandria, Va. The man was acquitted.

Returning to his old home, Sussex, Va., he was admitted to the bar of that county on motion of Judge R. W. Arnold, his mother's former master, who rode 20 miles through the country to introduce him to the court. Mr. Newsome did not enter earnestly the practice of law until he came to Newport News, Va., June 5, 1900. Almost a total stranger, but nevertheless with confidence in himself and an abiding faith in God, he soon proved to the community that he knew his business and knew it well.

He has figured in many grave cases and acquitted himself with honor and distinction, receiving mention on every hand from both races.

As a criminal lawyer, Mr. Newsome has few peers in the state, and with equal fitness has he demonstrated his ability in civil and chancery suits, proving a worthy foe in his defence of the publishers of the "Star," a negro weekly, in a libel suit which covered a week in trial.

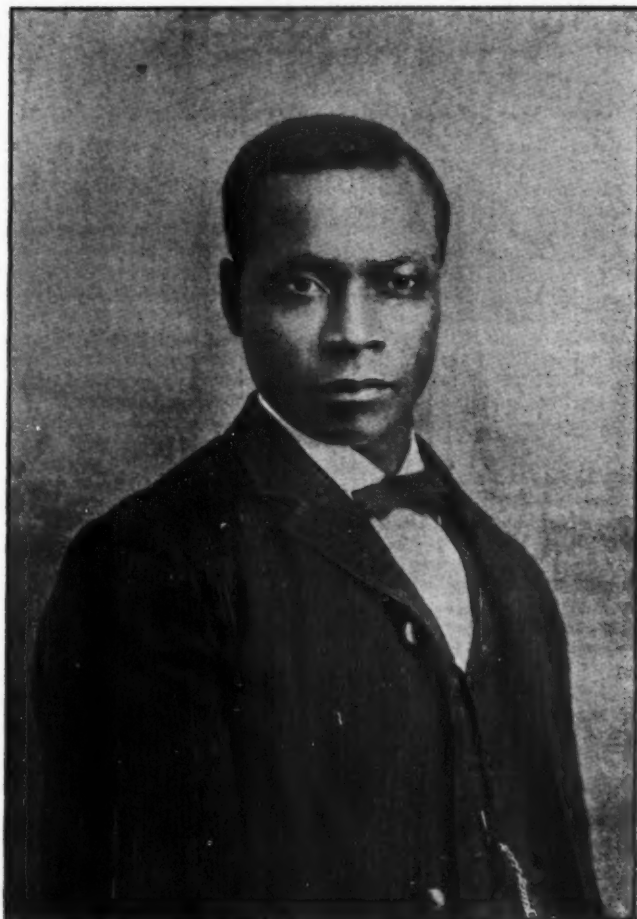
In 1900 he was married to Miss Mary B. Winfield, the accomplished daughter of Mr. Richard Winfield. She has proven to be an invaluable helper in his affairs.

However, the most recent case of any prominence that has been in this section for some years, was the sensational Davenport case, in which A. L. Davenport was charged with the murder of Willie Thomas. The case was circumstantial evidence in entirety

and attracted the attention of the whole state, people coming for miles to hear the arguments.

Mr. Newsome was employed in the prosecution. Two of the most able

He spoke two hours, his statement of the case was plain, simple and convincing; his eloquence and language were superb and chaste; his oratory was forceful, clear and concise and



MR. J. THOMAS NEWSOME.

white criminal lawyers in the state were in the defence.

Many witnesses were examined by both sides and arguments were galore—pro and con—on the admission of evidence. Mr. Newsome made the opening argument for the prosecution.

when he finished there were many tears in the crowded court.

Davenport was convicted of murder in the first degree, which means hanging.

The Evening Times-Herald and the Morning Daily Press, Democratic

white dallies were loud in the praise of Mr. Newsome and said "It was the greatest argument that had been made in the courts of this city in many years."

It only remains to be said that Mr. Newsome has arisen from a poor man in 1900, to one of our most substantial colored citizens.

P. A. SCOTT, M. D.

## There and Here

By David MacJon

The landed oligarchy who (as a class) may be said to have governed the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to say nothing of India and such unconsidered trifles, up to the present day, used to look upon the House of Commons as "the first club in Europe," to which those of them who did not belong to the supernal club of all—the House of Lords—had a prescriptive right of entry; if indeed this did not include the right to blackball any vulgar unlanded commoners who aspired to be among its members.

\* \* \*

How much of their former power will remain to that class, in the new conditions brought about by the late election, will not be apparent till after the next swing of the pendulum; but its extent must very much depend on their cheerfully recognizing the fact that, though the House of Lords must necessarily retain the character of a fashionable club the House of Commons has to be "the workshop of the nation."

\* \* \*

A governing body with 50 of its members representing directly skilled manual labor, could scarcely continue to give itself aristocratic airs, and now that it has voted its members a fair amount of pay it would be making itself ridiculous if it did not at once turn to and do some work.

\* \* \*

Plenty of good reforming work has been cut out by the Liberal government. Let us hope that the House of Lords will be blest with some new Lord Beaconsfield, who will, as he did, educate it not to put the drag on the coach too much.

The people over there have shown themselves to be in no mood to stand know-nothing obstruction by the supernal landed club aforesaid, and the appearance just now of the Gorst and Churchill books, giving as they do the inside history of a rec'dless cynical combination, a party within the stupid party, which, in the eighties of the last century, devoted itself to badgering Gladstone and having a good time, is not likely to make them more complacent.

The Landocracy over there, as represented by the House of Lords, has its uses. So has our Plutocracy, as represented by the United States senate. Each has a strong resemblance to the other, in that it stands for privileged and favored classes and is often opposed to the interests of the people at large. And just here occurs a curious reflection. You would suppose that the union of Lord Anglo Noodle and Miss Columbia Millions, which has become so prevalent of late, would have tended to liberalize the House of Lords, whereas in most cases Miss Millions as my lady has come to be more arrogant and obstructive than my lord himself, which is saying a good deal!

Whether a body gains or loses weight on heating, or neither, is a problem of possible importance. A comparison of the attraction of two bodies at different temperatures can hardly be made, and Poynting, an English physicist, has tried the plan of weighing a body when cold and again when heated. With great care it was shown that the solid body weighing 208 grammes lost 0.0003 of a milligramme on being heated from 15 degrees to 160 degrees C.

## LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

(By Edwin Markham.)

When the norn mother saw the whirlwind hour  
Greating and darkening as it hurried on,  
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down  
To make a man to meet the mortal need.  
She took the tried clay of the common road—  
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,  
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;  
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.  
It was a stuff to hold against the world,  
A man to match our mountains, and compel  
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;  
The tang and odor of the primal things;  
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;  
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;  
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;  
The loving kindness of the wayside well;  
The tolerance and equity of light  
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed  
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—  
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn  
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.

From prairie cabin up to Capitol,  
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.  
Forevermore he burned to do his deed  
With the final stroke and gesture of a king.  
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,  
The conscience of him testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;  
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,  
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

## MY CIGAR.

(By Ralph W. Tyler.)

Thou small fragrant roll! sweet beguiler of time;  
 Beloved narcotic, accept of this rhyme!  
 Just emblem of life you must quickly expire,  
 The victim of pleasure inhaled from your fire.

With exquisite rapture I breathe the perfume,  
 Which exhales from your stem as it gently consumes;  
 What sweet scented volumes roll forth at each puff;  
 And where is the smoker that ere had enough?

Each whiff yields an ecstasy hard to be told,  
 And as I continue, new pleasures unfold;  
 Delectable fancies now float through my brain,  
 And music lends aid to my whimsical strain.

Though tiplers may boast of the pleasure of wine,  
 And tell me their bumpers are almost divine;  
 Their joys are insipid, they cannot compare  
 With the sombre delights of my fragrant cigar.

## THE FLORIST'S WINDOW.

See them smiling through the pane,  
 Whisp'ring, "Springtime comes again;  
 Tho' the fields are white with snow,  
 Earth's great heart yet beats below;  
 Myriad beauties shall arise  
 'Neath the blue of April skies.

If the brook hath lost its glee,  
 No more wanders wild and free,  
 If the forest lanes along,  
 Silent is the voice of song,  
 Soon the rippling streams besue,  
 Birds shall sing of Easter-tide.

If a sadness in the air  
 Strike the soul with chill despair,  
 When the heartless wintry wind  
 Smites the trees with blows unkind,  
 Let sweet dreams of coming May  
 Make the spirit glad and gay.

This the message we would bring,  
 Hope across the darkness fling,  
 For the golden time is near,  
 Best and sweetest of the year;  
 Waiting days will soon be o'er;  
 Footsteps hasten to the door.

O, the glory yet to be,  
 When the world holds jubilee,  
 And delighted with her charms,  
 Clasps the Maiden in its arms!  
 All the silver bells shall ring,  
 "Welcome, Welcome, Happy Spring!"

C. SELWYN WORRELL.

Boston, Mass., March, 1906.

## LOVE WILL REMEMBER IT.

Toll not the bell of death for me,  
 When I am dead:  
 Strew not the flowery wreath o'er me,  
 On my cold bed.  
 Let friendship's sacred tear  
 On my fresh grave appear,  
 Gemming with pearls my bier—  
 When I am dead.

No dazzling proud array  
 Of pageantry display,  
 My fate to spread;  
 Let no busy crowd be near,  
 When I am dead,  
 Fanning with unfelt sighs my bier,  
 Sighs quickly sped.

Deep let the impression rest  
 On some fond female breast;  
 Then were my memory blest  
 When I am dead.

Let not the day be writ,  
 Love will remember it  
 Untold—unsaid.

RALPH W. TYLER,  
Columbus, Ohio.

The fish of Little Belt in Denmark,  
 being very shy of light, move about  
 only on dark nights, and this has  
 suggested the curious experiment of  
 lighting the channel bottom with in-  
 candescent lamps to prevent migra-  
 tion of the fish to the larger seas.

### "HE COMETH LEAPING UPON THE MOUNTAINS."

Look toward the far horizon of the east,

And you shall see a rising point there,

Though he were in earth's kingdom but the least,

He shall be greatest of all those that are.

He speaks in words you heard in lullaby,

Words that once lay upon your mother's lips,

Words that from speech are partly passing by,

The phrase that never deep into the gutter dips.

He speaks in words that picture you the past,

Though they be telling of a future day,

They gather up the beauties old that last,

And seize the loveliness that comes to stay.

His figures that re-mold for you your mother,

Who long has slept beneath the silent sod,

Do also speak for you unto another, Whose shadow on you is the shade of God.

He gathers cradle words of other days,

And at your feet his garnered treasure lays.

PERRY MARSHALL.

New Salem, Mass.

### THE LION THAT WENT THROUGH THE MILL.

By Henry Wallace Phillips.

All that was left of the one-time flourishing Point-View gold-mining camp was a line of empty cabins, a vast and vacant mill, one Jack Stevens, with his wife and two children, and myself.

It was lonely in the deserted camp, terribly so at times. The canon was deep and narrow, and the twilight early in the afternoon gathered round

the dark spruces which lined the sides of the creek. Yet the place had a black and dreary grandeur of its own, that held one in certain fascination.

We five mortals were sore put to it at times to find occupation which would take our minds from the fact that we were cut off from the rest of humanity. Every piece of necessary work was elaborated and spun out to the extreme limit. But of course it would eventually come to an end, and then we were obliged to invent some task.

One afternoon, as we were busy constructing a small water-mill, Jack stopped in his whittling and tossed the knife to his boy, saying:

"This thing wouldn't cut warm butter. Run over to the mill, Willie, and give it a rub on the grindstone. Sally, you go, too, and turn the stone for your brother."

The children trotted cheerfully off, and were soon swallowed up in the cavernous mill, while Jack and I sat down to rest, watching the sunlight creep up the eastern canon wall.

Suddenly shriek after shriek rang out from within the mill. Jack fairly flew in that direction, grabbing up an ax as he ran.

I made for the cabin to get the rifle.

"Something wrong with the children!" I shouted to the astonished Mrs. Stevens, as I dashed into the house. I snatched up the rifle and rushed out again, followed by the frightened mother.

Half-way to the mill we met little Sally. She was almost out of her wits with fright.

"What is it, dear? What is it?" asked her mother, shaking her vigorously, from excitement.

"Great big dog—tried to—tried to—jump on us!" cried the child between gasps.

That was enough for me. I knew there were no dogs round, but several times lately we had heard the squalling of a mountain-lion close at hand, and had also seen the prints of his padded feet in the soft earth of the creek banks. We paid little attention to these signs, for the puma, generally speaking, is a cowardly brute, with but little stomach for attacking a strong foe, unless urged on by the

pangs of hunger. Then, however, with his great strength and agility, he becomes a very formidable antagonist indeed.

"Evidently," I thought, "the brute has made his den in the mill, where there are so many nooks and crannies that he could stay a year without our being a whit the wiser, unless he chose to reveal himself."

"By the time I had this reasoned out I was at the door of the building. "Where are you, Jack?" I called, for it was dark as pitch in there, and at first I could see nothing.

"Here—by the first set of stamps. Got the gun?"

"Yes, indeed! What happened?"

"Willie says that he and Sally were sharpening the knife, when they heard a noise and looking up, saw on the blacksmith's bench a—"

"Great big yaller animal!" burst in Willie. "Most as big as a horse. And he began to kind o' wriggle his nose at us an' holler, and Sally she screeched, an' I picked up the knife an' got ready for him. But he didn't like the noise that Sally made, I reckon, for he jumped clean over the boiler, an' he's in behind there somewhere now."

This little story without stops was effective.

"Weren't you scared, Willie?" I asked, rather in awe of the youngster. "Well—kind o'," he admitted. "But I was going to stay with him just the same."

"Pretty sandy boy, eh?" said Jack, with fatherly pride.

"Well, I should say so! But what do you think it was, Jack—mountain-lion?"

"Sure."

"What are you going to do?"

"Dig him out," responded Jack, promptly.

"Um!" said I.

"What's the matter? Ain't afraid, are you?"

"No—no. Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "Of course not. Why should I be. The worst that he could do would be to scatter me all over the mill. To be sure, I should prefer a more collected end, as it were. What's you plan of campaign?"

"Why, Willie will run up to the cabin and get some candles and my

six-shooter, and then we'll drive him into a corner and plug him full of holes."

I whistled.

"Well," said Jack, "don't you approve of the idea?"

"Approve? Approve of chasing a full-grown puma through this mess of stamps and beams and truck by candle-light? Why, I think it is nothing less than genius which suggests the scheme. The only thing that I don't like is the idea of shooting him when we get him cornered—or he gets us cornered, as the case may be. I think it would be more sportsmanlike to take him by the tail and snap his head off."

"Oh, quit our nonsense!" said Jack. "We can handle him all right. Now, Willie, hustle up to the house and get a handful of candles and my revolver. See that every chamber is loaded and fetch a box of cartridges besides. Tell you ma that we've got the hunt of our lives on hand. Skip now, son!"

Away went Willie in great glee. It seems that he got the needful article without attracting his mother's attention until it was too late for her to interfere; he had a well-grounded suspicion that she would enter a protest.

I tried to convince Jack that it would be the part of wisdom to wait for daylight, but he refused to listen. Jack was one of the best-hearted fellows in the world, but he possessed a lack of caution which was very irritating to more intelligent people.

Willie returned only too soon with the munitions of war, and we began our preparations.

"Are you going to get that candle lighted?" asked Jack impatiently.

I felt like answering, "Not if I can help myself," but I withstood the temptation, and said instead:

"It's the funniest candle I ever saw. I think it must be made of marble. Match doesn't seem to have any effect on it."

"That's 'cause your hand jiggles so," remarked Willie.

I bent a stern brow on the young man. "Willie," said I, "is it possible that you can make sport of the nervous agitation brought on by the knowledge

of the danger through which you have just passed?"

"Beg your pardon," said Willie humbly.

Then I heard a sound that cheered my drooping soul. The mill door which Willie had closed—save us!—so that the lion could not get out, was opened, and a feminine voice shrilled through the echoing building with:

"Jack Stevens, come right out of there, and Willie, and you, too, Henry! I never heard of such foolishness! Come out, I say!"

"Look out, Mollie! Shut the door, quick! There he comes!" yelled Jack, in well-simulated fright.

Slam! went the door, and a rapid pattering of feet showed that my only ally had deserted me. Then the hunt began.

It is a strange fact by nature that the man who is the least interested in an occasion of this kind is always the one who finds the quarry. This time went by the rule—I discovered the mountain-lion.

We had poked around for about a quarter of an hour, with the candle shadows flitting strangely and unpleasantly about, and the foolish notion entered my brain that perhaps the lion was only a creation of the children's imagination; therefore I relaxed my vigilant guard of the rear and plunged carelessly ahead. As I stooped to pass under one of the big braces of the mill, a yell as of forty-seven demented Sioux Indians assaulted my ear-drums, and I was knocked on the flat of my back in a twinkling.

"There he goes!" yelled Jack. "Are you hurt, Henry?"

"Oh, no!" I answered, cheerfully. "Nothing but a fractured skull and a few dislocated vertebrae. I hope the lion hasn't crippled himself. 'Twould be too bad to spoil the fun right at the start."

"Come on! Come on!" howled Jack. "Don't lie there talking!" And with that he and Willie tore after the fleeing beast.

The chase led up the rickety steps to the second floor of the mill. The lion made it in two jumps and Jack in four. I took it in a dignified one step at a time, not being in so much of a hurry. The scene which presented

itself to my gaze as my head rose above the floor was a lively one.

The big cat, crazy with fright, bounded round the place in great leaps. After him went Jack and Willie, wildly excited and without any thought of possible consequences. All—myself included, as I found to my astonishment—were screeching and yelling their loudest.

The dust rose in stifling clouds from beneath the hurrying feet. The lion scrambled up one side of the mill, and galloped across the beams toward me.

"Head him off! Head him off!" shrieked Jack.

I let six bullets fly in the general direction of the animal before one could say "scat." I didn't hit him but the fountain of fire and noise caused him to change his mind.

He stopped midway between us, throwing quick glances first at one, then the other. He was a beautiful shot as he stood there, but the last shell had jammed in the gun, and I couldn't get it out to save me. As I tugged at the ejector Jack began to howl:

"Shoot! Shoot! You idiot! Why don't you shoot?" he waved his revolver over his head in a frenzy.

I dropped my rifle and regarded him calmly. "Think a moment," said I. "What's that in your right hand?"

He brought his hand down and looked at it. Then, I am pleased to state, he looked exceedingly foolish. "Oh!" said he, and pulled up to fire.

Before the hammer fell, though, the cat had jumped—one last beautiful spring of at least forty feet, right down into the open door of an ore-chute that seemed to present a means of escape.

He landed fairly in the opening. There was a scratching and flurry, and then he slipped down to the floor below.

With a whoop of triumph Jack and I rushed to the chute. He was our captive now, beyond peradventure, as the chute, a mere box of wood, about four feet square, that led from the top floor of the mill to the stamp floor beneath us, was closed at its lower end by a hopper-shaped spout with an opening too small for anything larger than a house cat to crawl through.

The upper part of the chute, that portion above the door, was filled with partially crushed ore, which had jammed instead of sliding down, as it should have done. We were ready at the doorway, in case the brute managed to crawl up the nearly perpendicular sides. Thus his escape was cut off in every direction.

We bent eagerly over the doorway, and peered o'wn through the darkness at our victim. There he was, his eyes shining green in the candle-light, growling and sputtering.

As, rifle in hand, I leaned to get a better view, I lost my balance, and nearly pitched head first down to that incarnation of fury below. I struck out vigorously to recover myself, and in the flurry managed to discharge the rifle. The bullet smashed into the ore in the top of the chute. In an instant the whole mass, released by the shock of the bullet, slid down the chute with a dull roar. Clouds of dust puffed out into our faces, covering us with a coat of grime. There came a squawk from beneath us.

"Hooray!" said Jack. "Now we have got him."

As there was about five tons of dirt pressing down on the beast, I accepted the conclusion.

After the jubilation of victory came a council of war. Should we leave our victim to die a prolonged death from suffocation, or pull a board off and give him a more merciful end by bullet? While we were arguing a brilliant thought came to me.

"Why not take him alive?" said I. "Old Bronson, up at Deadwood, would give twenty dollars for such an addition to his menagerie."

That caught Jack immediately. We needed the money, for one thing, and then there was something novel in capturing a living puma.

We rushed down stairs and started to hunt up material for a cage. Fortune favored us. We soon found a strong crate, in which machinery had been shipped, that with a little changing served the purpose well. We put the open end of this over the mouth of the hopper; then, working with a crowbar between the slats, we pried the top board off the hopper.

A little round patch of yellow head

showed above the smooth surface of the dirt. We dug round it with sticks until at last we had the whole head uncovered. At first we thought the brute was dead, but soon he opened his eyes and gazed about him.

His expression was meek and humble. Indeed his experiences were enough to break the proudest spirit. It was impossible for him to move in the closely packed earth.

Then we fell to work, and completed the excavation. When at last the puma was free, he shook himself vigorously, walked into the cage and lay down. He paid no attention while we moved the cage out and nailed the front on.

Willie and Jack went out to bring Mrs. Stevens in. We had completely forgotten that the coating of dirt altered our appearance remarkably. Therefore Jack didn't know what to make of it when his wife, after casting a glance upon him, gave one piercing shriek and shut herself up in the closet. It took some time for Jack to convince her that he was of a verity her husband, and not some strange, new kind of Indian. Then she and Jack and Willie and Sally marched into the mill.

Now I had watched the beast and can testify that he never moved a muscle. We all stood round the cage, wondering and admiring. The puma certainly was a fine animal. His body must have measured four feet.

"He's been as quiet as a cow ever since we caged him," said Jack.

"Dear me, isn't that strange!" said Mrs. Stevens. "I should have thought that he would have raised ructions."

At that moment, as if the words had convinced the animal that he was not acting a proper part, he sprang to his feet with a yell that stopped our circulation.

Jack, the hitherto untterrified, grabbed his wife and jumped backward. Willie and Sally ran behind their parents. I was too astonished to move and watched open-mouthed.

The puma went ramping, tearing mad. He bit and tore at the cage with such speed and fury that he rolled it over the place, snarling, growling, coughing and roaring, until it seemed that all the unpleasant noises

of the world had been let loose in the mill.

The cage was fairly strong, but it was never intended to hold such a compound of active volcano and concentrated tornado as now raged in its midst. There came a sharp crackling; some slats flew across the floor; then, with a farewell yell, the puma sprang over the heads of Jack and his family and vanished through the open door of the mill.

"There goes our twenty dollars," said I, as soon as I was in a condition to speak.

"Yes," piped up Willie, in a tone that showed his disappointment, "and I don't believe he'll ever come back again, either." This was a true word. He never did.—Youth's Companion.

#### BALLOONING AS A SPORT.

##### A Club Organized in America to Indulge in It.

For many years there has been in existence in Paris a society whose members engage in aeronautic pursuits, mainly for the diversion it affords them. Several of its members are inventors of self-propelled airships of one kind or another, but most of them use the old-fashioned type of balloon, which merely drifts with the wind. Improvements on the old gas bag have been made. The reservoir is now usually composed of material that will hold its contents longer than ordinary oiled silk. It is common to carry a drag rope which can be used to regulate the distance of the balloon above the earth. Still other devices that were unknown a generation or two ago have been adopted. But, after all, the balloon proper is the great favorite of the majority of the devotees of the sport. Within the last few months an organization of the same kind, known as the Aero club, has been formed in this country, and a number of ascents during the coming spring and summer are proposed. The present indications are that most of the ventures will be made with the style of craft which has received the preference in France, though flying machines will no doubt have a trial.

Last week a pioneer ascension was

made from West Point by a Frenchman named Levee, who had come to this country to assist certain members of the American club. Just before he started Levee released a small "pilot" balloon to show the direction of the wind. This altered its course two or three times with differences in elevation, but finally sailed off to the eastward. Levee did not ascend so far, and he was carried almost straight up the Hudson valley. At one time it seemed probable that he would drift over and into the Catskills. As it was late in the day when he started, a landing in that region was undesirable. There was promise of moonlight in the evening, but cloudiness set in, and the aeronaut was glad when he found a chance to descend in the open country a few miles from Kingston. He had been up about four hours and travelled about thirty miles.

Between 1810 and the 50's not much appears to have been done in ballooning as a sport. It is quite probable the French, who were the most active in this sport had exciting adventures to deal with during this period. In September, 1849, record is made of a Frenchman crossing the Alps in eight hours. He ascended near Marseilles at 6 p. m., on September 2, and landed near Turin at 2.30 o'clock on the following morning; distance travelled, 400 miles. The speed record for the balloon, however, is held by two Americans, John A. Had-dock and John La Mountane, who ascended from Watertown, northern New York State, and drifted 300 miles across the border into Canada in four hours. They descended in a wilderness and wandered four days without food.

For a long distance flight, both this trip and that over the Alps have been excelled. One evening in July of 1859, John Wise, La Mountane, O. A. Gages, and a newspaper reporter by the name of Hyde started from St. Louis, Mo., and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the following day landed in Jefferson County, New York State, having traveled a total distance of 1150 miles and been up 50 hours. This balloon had a narrow escape from being lost in Lake Ontario. As late

as October, 1900, however, M. le Comte Henri de la Vaulx started from the Paris Exposition, and made Korosticheff, Russia, a distance of 1193 miles in 35 hours and 45 minutes. In this flight his maximum height was 18,810 feet, more than three and one-half miles.

In France, where there are on the average about 500 ascensions a year, there are trained attendants, whose duties are properly to inflate the balloon and prepare it for flight, as well as to care for it when it descends. The flights are so advertised and the owners' colors so well known that the public is able to tell what particular balloon is abroad and report its presence to the club, which immediately notifies its attendants that they may follow and be near when the balloon descends. The pursuing is done in motor cars from the home station, but when a particularly long flight is made, the nearest garage to the point of descent furnishes conveyance to the desired railroad station.—New York Tribune.

#### Doubts About Roman Antiquity.

Signor Boni has come to an interesting conclusion with regard to many of the buildings belonging to the first and second century.

He is now convinced that a large number of them that were supposed to be built of long flat bricks are really composed of tiles, obtained in millions from the great conflagrations that devastated Rome. The aqueduct of the Aqua Tralana, the entire port of Ostia, near Flumicino, the hemicycle of the Forum of Trajan, the Horrea under the Basilica of Maxentius, many of the tombs on the Via Latina and the Via Appia, including the internal part of the tomb of Cecilia Metella and many other buildings, are all formed of these remains.

This would entirely alter the dates attributed to many buildings, which were formerly supposed to be unquestionably fixed by the stamps of the supposed bricks of which they were composed, but which Signor Boni feels that he has now proved were taken from the remains of very much older constructions.—London Standard.

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